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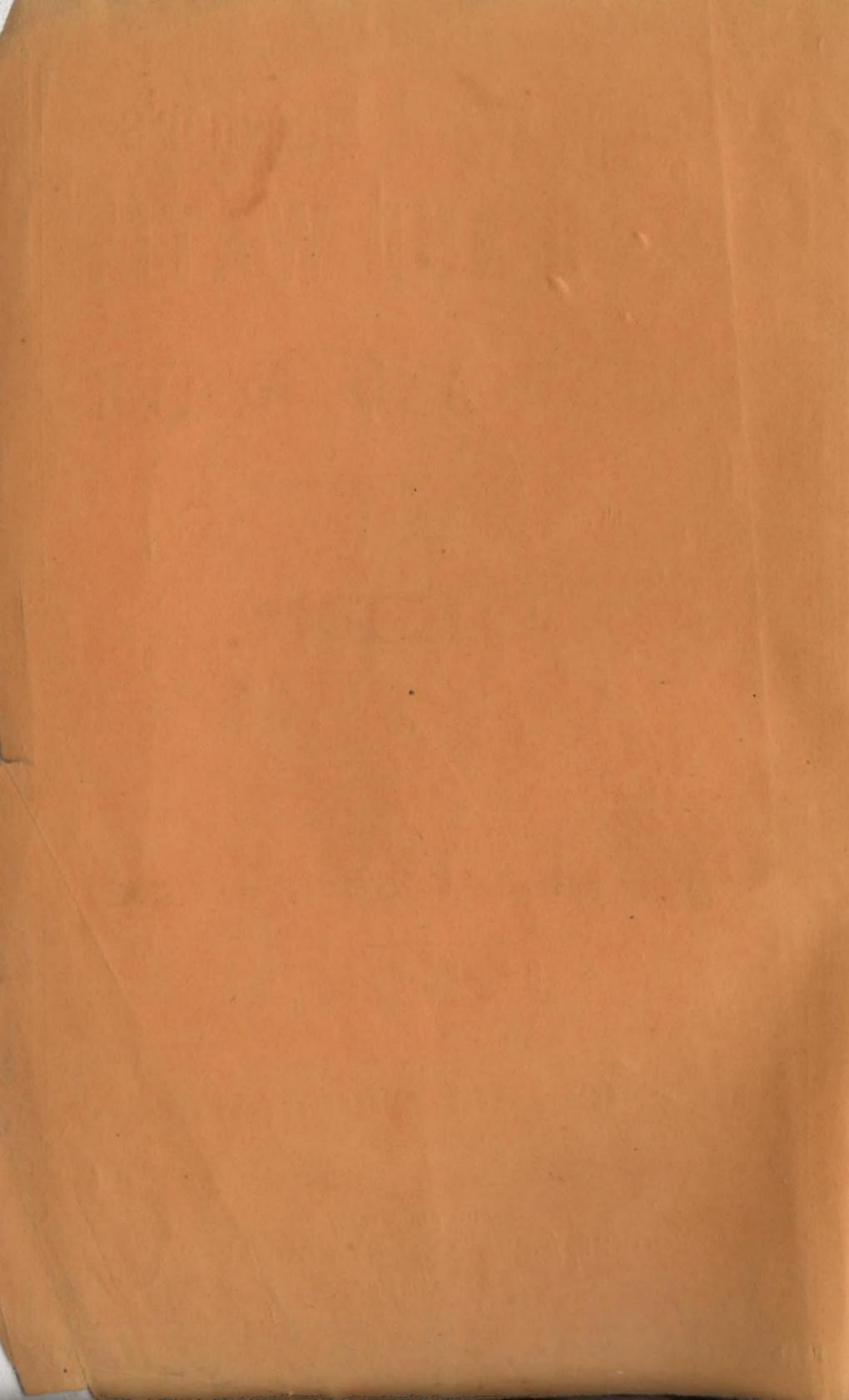
Henry Ward Beecher's BREAD AND WATER



JOKER.

“How the Old Thing Works.”

FOR SALE BY
BOOKSELLERS AND NEWSDEALERS,
TEN CENTS.



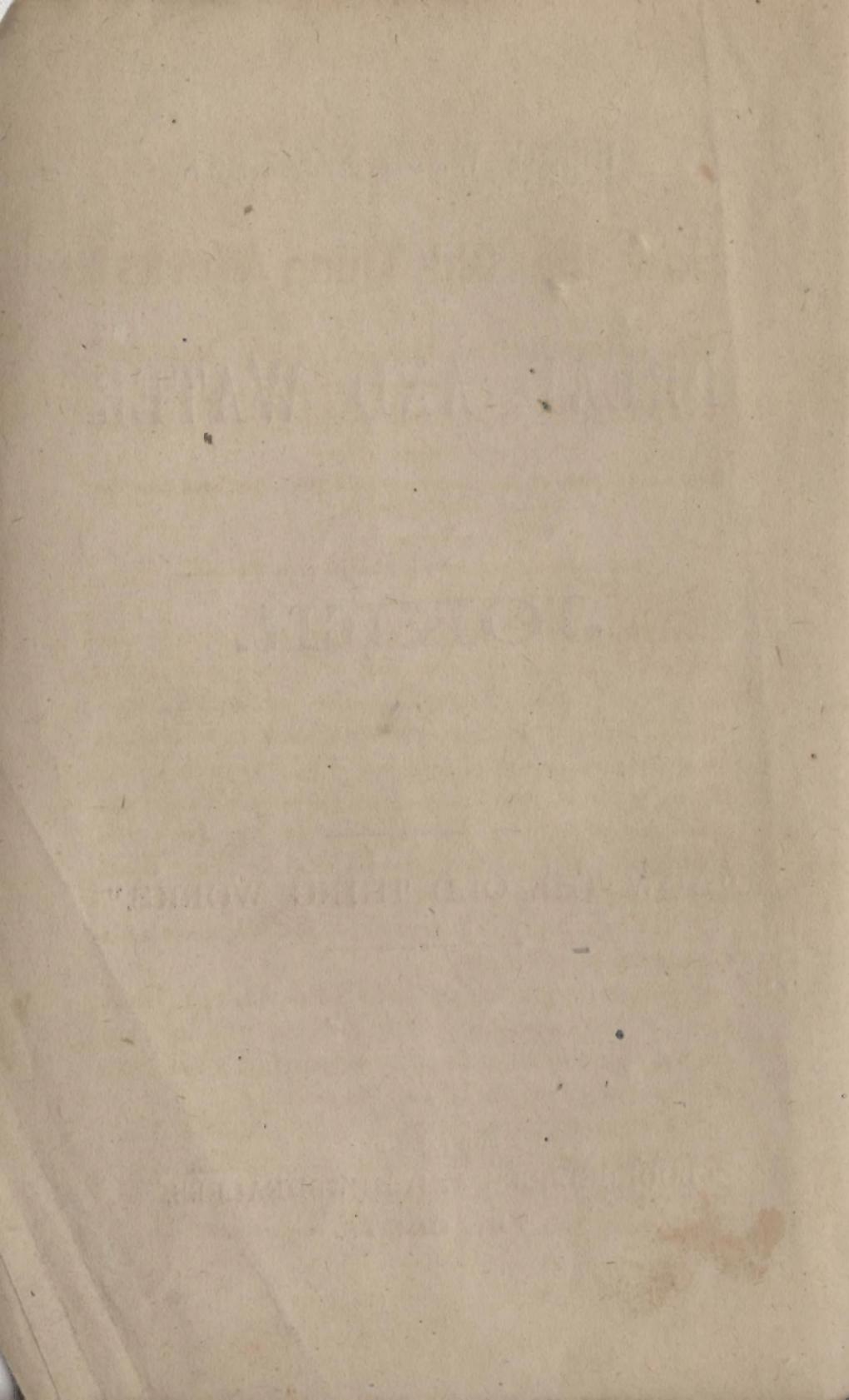
HENRY WARD BEECHER'S

BREAD AND WATER

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How the Old Thing Works!

Mr. Beecher's Bread and Water!

THEORY VERSUS PRACTICE

How an Admirer of Mr. Beecher tried the Diet, and how he didn't like it.

Let the Old Man have a Chance at it Himsel..

I often go to Plymouth Church on Sunday evening, for Mr. Beecher is the only clergyman who can keep me awake, and I had the pleasure of hearing his famous bread and water discourse, which has kicked up such a whillaballoo. When we were going home, my wife, who thought the Plymouth pastor was a miracle of wisdom, not inferior to St. John the Evangelist, or Paul the Apostle, said to me: "That was a magnificent sermon, Fred, and no mistake."

"Tip top, Mary," I replied, "Mr. Beecher is a wonderful man."

"Didn't he pitch into the strikers, though," says she. "The impudence of the villains, who say they cannot rear a family on ninety cents a day, when good wholesome water can be had for nothing."

"It's outrageous, Mary," I replied, "I don't know what the world is coming to! I often heard my father say that an Irishman's breakfast was air, water and a fine view, and now they shout bloody

PARSON BEECHER'S BREAD AND WATER JOKES.

murder when they can't get good bread into the bargain."

"Sure they never had anything for dinner, but potatoes and salt, in their own country," said she, "but here they think they must get meat at least twice a week. They have certainly been spoiled."

"What was that he said about the bread and water, Mary," said I, "I couldn't hear it exactly for the people laughing."

"Why, he said a man who couldn't live on bread and water when necessity required it, wasn't fit to live. That a family could love, work and be happy on bread and water for breakfast, water and bread for dinner, and bread and water for supper, and then they might commence the following morning with milk from the pump."

"Well, Mary," said I, "he must know what he is talking about, for it is a serious subject, and he has no doubt tested his doctrine on himself, and when so wise and good a man says this economical diet is sufficient to sustain a vigorous and happy life, I don't think that I could better these hard times than try it myself; then if it agrees with me I can give it to you and the children, for it would be a great saving and no mistake."

"Oh, said she, looking a trifle uneasy, "it was the strikers he was talking to; he wasn't applying his remarks to people in our condition of life."

"Mary," I replied, "if a man who has to lay rails, dig mines, drive an engine, or even carry the hod, whether the thermometer is up to 100 or down to zero, can live, work, love and be happy on that diet,

PARSON BEECHER'S BREAD AND WATER JOKES.

so can I, so can the children, and I mean to see how much truth there is in our pastor's doctrine; I will commence the experiment to-morrow morning and give it a fair trial for a week."

She tried to coax and laugh me out of my resolve (and a very coaxing way she has, too), but it was of no use, for I am as obstinate as a Spanish mule or General Grant himself. So next morning I sent the girl to the pump for a pitcher of water, and my wife set before me a nice loaf of her own baking, and I'll wager there is not a better baker in the City of Churches. She tried hard to induce me to butter the bread, but as the reverend gentleman had said nothing about butter, and indeed ninety cents a day wouldn't go far in that direction anyhow in our family of seven mouths, I of course sternly refused to comply. I got over the first breakfast pretty well, the water was cold, the bread sweet, and I had beside a good appetite. I dine every day at a restaurant in the city, and I think I rather astonished the waiter who came that day to take my order when I told him to bring me a nice glass of water and a plate of bread. From the way he looked at me it was plain he thought I was crazy, and I could see him whispering his impression to the other attendants. It was a good deal harder work getting down my dinner than my breakfast, and when I returned to my office almost as hungry as before I left, I was far from being in my happiest temper, as both the porter and office boy quickly found out. But if it was hard to get through with my dinner *a la Beecher* it was ten times more difficult to eat my supper. I told Mary

PARSON BEECHER'S BREAD AND WATER JOKES.

her food was sour as swill, which made her cry and put her in the sulks for the rest of the evening, and when I sat down, according to habit, to read, I found I was hardly equal to the task.

If I had not a remarkably strong will joined with an unusual amount of pride, which will never allow me to show the white feather, it would have been quite impossible to get through the Beecher regimen the following day; and if Mary was not the best little wife and one of the sweetest tempered little women in the world she would never have put up with my snappishness both to her and the children when I came home in the evening. Certainly the Plymouth pastor's staff of life had not so far brought much love and comfort unto our household.

I usually admire the wit, logic and learning which scintillates brightly through the columns of my favorite eveing paper, but when I tried this evening to wade through the leading article on the existing dangerous strikes, I thiew the paper down before I had half read it and said the argument was all d——d nonsense. The diet was having a singular effect of bringing me round to the side of the workmen, though I had been bitterly opposed to them before. I think I may venture the remark, based on my own experience, that no man—were he as conservative as Vanderbilt himself—could subsist two weeks on Plymouth diet without developing into a full blown radical.

The next morning Mary was down bright and early, and when I reached the breakfast room I found on the table a good supply of buttered toast,

PARSON BEECHER'S BREAD AND WATER JOKES.

ham and eggs done to a charm, and hot coffee whose fragrance filled the room. Oh how delightful was the combination of their odors, penetrating to the very seat of my soul! And oh, how my dear little wife exhausted all the charms of her innocent nature in coaxing and wheedling me in the endeavor to break my resolution; but when she found she couldn't budge me from my stern resolve, she sobbed as if her heart would break, and said if I kept on this way she knew I would soon have to go to the lunatic asylum, then what would become of her and the children—of Freddy and Percy, of Kitty and Mattie, or Arthur, Herbert and the baby, who hadn't cut half her teeth yet. Then for the first time she turned her invective against the Plymouth pastor, and called him an old fool, who didn't know what he was talking about, and said she would like to put his head in a wash tub, and let it soak there for half an hour, and I verily believe if the great orator had made his appearance then she would have executed her threat.

The second day that I had ordered the Beecher dinner at the restaurant the water had sung out so lustily, "Bread and water for one," which had the effect of directing on me the gaze of every person in the establishment, that I was ashamed to go there again while I was pursuing my interesting physiological experiment. So on Wednesday I purchased a penny roll and partook of my repast in the City Hall Park, and I then discovered there was quite a large number of people who were making their noon-day meal of the same nutritious substance. I

PARSON BEECHER'S BREAD AND WATER JOKES.

thought it possible I might meet the Plymouth pastor there doing the same thing, but he didn't make his appearance.

When I went home in the evening I found Mary had practiced a neat bit of strategy by inviting two bright and pretty girls from over the way, to tea, thinking no doubt their presence would make me ashamed of going through with my resolution, and she had spread on the table as dainty a summer repast as any bookkeeper need wish to sit down to. There was cold lamb, delicious peaches and cream, home made biscuit (and it is she knows how to make them) and tea that couldn't be beaten anywhere. But, oh, how pale became her cheek, and how full of tears her blue eyes, and how the pretty girls did stare at me, when I refused them all in a rather snappish way, and announced my intention of making my supper on dry bread and water. Although I say it myself, it is nevertheless true, I am usually a pretty good tempered fellow, and can make myself quite agreeable to the ladies, if they are at all good looking; but this evening I was so sour, sneering and crabbed that the girls were glad to get out of the house, and they haven't crossed our threshold since. Truly, Mr. Beecher's patent diet was improving my temper the wrong way.

I didn't sleep very well that night, and whenever I woke up I could hear Mary sobbing softly to herself, and in the morning her pillow was wet with her tears. It was as plain as a pikestaff that the new regimen wasn't bringing much happiness into our home.

PARSON BEECHER'S BREAD AND WATER JOKES.

How I got through Thursday I don't know, but on Friday I made so many blunders in my book-keeping, that my employers thought I was drunk (Oh, ye gods! drunk on bread and water!) and threatened to discharge me. I found a peculiar effect of the diet was to make twice 3 equal to 5, and 6 and 7 foot up only 11. I was too weak to go to business on Saturday, and got Mary to write a note to my employers excusing my absence on the ground of ill health, which was only the sober truth. It required all my iron will to keep my resolution that day. I loathed the bread, I hated the sight of water, which made poor Mary think I was getting hydrophobia, and on Saturday evening I was obliged to give in, and allow my anxious little wife to give me a little chicken broth, which quickly revived me. I could hardly get enough wholesome food to eat on Sunday, and toward evening I began to feel like myself again. "Let us go and hear Mr. Beecher tonight, Mary," said I. "Not if I know it, Fred," said she; "I have heard the last sermon from that philanthropist."

PARSON BEECHER'S PARROT.

PART FIRST.

THE PARROT WHICH HE DIDN'T GET.



ROBABLY it was Henry Ward Beecher, or if it wasn't it was some other Brooklyn clergyman named Beecher, who was hunting along the wharves the other day to find a vessel just in from the African coast, in the hope that some one of the crew might have brought home an innocent heart-ed, pure minded parrot, which might be purchased at a reasonable figure and trained up in the way good parrots should walk and talk. The vessel was found, to the joy of the searcher. One of the sailors had brought back a splendid specimen of an African parrot, and he didn't want but five dollars for it. The clergyman admired its plumage, thought the age was just right, inquired after its general health, and asked:

“Has the bird yet attempted to utter any words?”

“Bless your tops'l's, but she talks as well as a boy ten years old,” replied the sailor.

“Then I don't want her. She has probably caught

PARSON BEECHER'S PARROT.

up a great many bad expressions, and she would not be a fit pet for my household."

"Avast, now!" said Jack. "Do you suppose that a man like me, who reads the good book twice a



day, would have a bad bird around him? Stand back and I'll show you what a Christian bird I've made of her." Giving polly a rap on the head to wake her up, the sailor called out:

"Now, Polly, who was the first man?"

"Adam," was the prompt reply.

"That's so, Polly. And now tell this good man who was cast into the lion's den?"

"Daniel," was the answer.

PARSON BEECHER'S PARROT.

"Did you ever see such a bird before?" asked Jack of the clergyman. "While other parrots will blast your eyes and bless you amidships, this one turns to religion and keeps her mind on heaven. Now, Polly, who was tucked away in the bullrushes when he was too small to carry sail for himself?"

"Moses—Moses!" quacked the bird.

"Isn't she a diamond?" exclaimed Jack, trying to wink at the minister with both eyes.

"I must confess she is the best minded parrot I ever saw or heard of," replied the clergyman.

"That isn't the half she can do, Skipper," continued the sailor. Now, my dear Polly, how many commandments are there?"

"Ten," screamed Polly.

"That's right old gal. Now tell the man which is the first day in the week."

"Sunday," was the quiet reply.

"I tell you, remarked Jack, as he turned to the clergyman, I was brought up right, and I have been trying to bring that bird up right. She's worth twenty dollars to any man, but seeing you preach the Gospel, you shall have her for five."

"I guess I'll take her," replied the minister, producing his wallet. "As I said before, the bird is one of ten thousand; and you deserve credit for the care you have taken in her teaching."

"I hope I do sir," was Jack's modest reply, and then, giving Polly another rap on the head, he inquired—"Now, then, get your bearings and tell me straight as a marlinspike who was going to offer his son as a sacrifice?"

PARSON BEECHER'S PARROT.

"Ab'r'm!" shouted the bird, shaking her feathers as if greatly pleased.

"You'll sit up at nights to hear that bird talk, you will," said the sailor. "If I hadn't said five dollars to you I should say fifty to the next man. I never had time to learn her, but I believe I could have that bird singing hymns in just one voyage to Liverpool. She started out to sing 'Old Hundred' one day when we were off St. Helena, and if the captain hadn't yelled out just then I believe the bird would have picked up the whole tune like a whistle."

The clergyman said he would go and purchase a small cage in which to remove the bird, and he had just started for the rail when Jack called out:

"Just hear one more question. I want you to appreciate this bird for what she's worth." The clergyman went back to the cage, and Jack shook up the bird and called out:

"Polly, old gal, who did the ravens feed? Speak up sharp now."

"Lijah!" shrieked Polly, seeming greatly angered over the shaking; and after an interval of a few seconds she continued: "Where in hell's them crackers?"

Jack and the good man looked at each other for a moment and then the minister climbed slowly over the rail, never to return—not even to get his five dollar bill. "See what you did?" yelled Jack, as he turned to the bird. And all the answer Polly made was to softly say: "Cussum!"

PARSON BEECHER'S PARROT.

PART SECOND.

THE PARROT WHICH HE GOT.

PARSON BEECHER got a Parrot. Where he got it or how he got it I don't know. I don't think it matters much. If it does, and you want to know, per-



haps you'd better ask him to make a statement, or appoint a committee to find out—and then perhaps you will. I don't know anything about it, and I won't make a statement. Anyhow he got a Parrot.



PARSON BEECHER'S PARROT.

PART THIRD.

THE PARROT WHICH HE GOT AND HOW HE WISHED
HE HADN'T

There is an editor on Remson street in Brooklyn who never gets home till long after midnight, and he has a neighbor who is a clergman, possessing a parrot that has a voice like a planing mill. This parrot's cage is hung out about daybreak, and just as the long-suffering editor is getting his first sleep and dreaming that he has scooped all the other papers on a big Indian battle, the parrot gives a war-hoop that makes all the windows in the ward rattle, and then goes off into a series of shrieks, whistles, and yells enough to turn the milk out in Cicero and set the teeth of a handsaw on edge. The performance lasts till about 9 o'clock, and when it shows any signs of flagging the clergymen comes out, and with an almond or a lump of sugar stimulates the accursed bird to new frenzies.

At least, this is how things used to be. They are changed now. One evening in June, when the editor went home to dinner, his wife said:

“George, I have some news for you.”

“Ah, my love, is it exclusive?”

“Our neighbors are going away for the summer to Peekskill.”

“I hope they are going to take that parrot with them.”

“No; and what do you think? They had the impudence to come and ask if we would take care of

PARSON BEECHER'S PARROT.

the bird for them while they were gone. Did you ever? I'd like to wring its neck for them while they are gone."

A smile that was horrible to see illuminated the editor's face as he hissed in a low concentrated voice:

"My dear, we should always try and return good for evil. I will take care of that bird."

Next day Parson Beecher went away, and the editor set himself assiduously to train the parrot in the way he should go. He had a room padded and the walls deadened, and he hung the cage up in it. Then he went and hired two A. D. T. messengers and bought a horse syringe and a water barrel, and installed the boys in charge of the parrot.

"My sons," he said, "little parrots that shouldn't sing but will sing must be made not to sing. Whenever that bird lets off a cheep just syring him with ice water."

The boys carried out the instructions so faithfully that in less than a week the bird was silent as the tomb.

"Aha!" said the editor, "his mind is now a 'tabula rasa,' and prepared to receive proper instruction. He must now be taught, and first I shall attend to his musical education."

Accordingly he hired a man from a variety show on Canal street to teach that parrot to whistle all the popular airs of the day, such as "Yum, yum, yum," "Saw my leg off," "As I was going over the hill, I saw a maid milking a billy goat." Then the vocalist taught that parrot all the cries of the street ped-

PARSON BEECHER'S PARROT.

lars, and how to swear in fine print without the aid of glasses.

"Now," said the editor, triumphantly, "if I can teach him the value of time I shall have been well repaid."

By dint of syringing the bird with ice water when he offended, and comforting him with almonds, he reduced the bird to the status of a feathered alarm clock set to go off with unerring regularity exactly at 11:30 p. m. and 10:30 a. m., and warranted not to run down until the whole performance had been gone through with according to programme. The parrot's education had cost him a heap of money and much trouble but he did not regret it.

A week ago yesterday the minister returned by the 9:30 p. m. train, and received his precious bird. The editor went home on the half-past 10 car, lit his cigar, opened the window, and with a calm smile of expectancy, listened. The hands of the clock just pointed to 11:30 when there came a yell of "Fire!" that probably startled everybody in the block except the editor. "Lie still, my love," he said calmly to his wife, "It is only the parrot; there is no danger." The fearful cry was repeated. The editor heard sounds as if the minister and all his family were jumping out of bed, then windows were opened on all sides and he had the pleasure of seeing the man who kept the key of the signal box (and wasn't insured) tear along the street in his slippers and turn on the alarm. A few minutes afterward the fire bells rang, the engines came tearing up to the house whence the shouts of "Fire!" were issuing. The

PARSON BEECHER'S PARROT.

minister had to go down and explain, and one of the firemen remarked audibly that he'd punch the old snoozer's head off for a nickle. Meanwhile the parrot kept on yelling "Police!" "Fire!" "Ripe peaches! Fifteen cents a peck!" "Stror!" "Appools!" and the like till about 2:15 a. m. The editor, with a sweet smile, fell asleep, leaving word to call him at 10.

It was the blessed Sabbath, a bright sunny morning. The street was crowded with church-goers. A number of deacons had called to welcome their pastor home and conduct him to the church. The parrot had been dozing on his perch in the sun, but as the church bells, one after another, began to chime he began to get excited. Presently the 10:30 bell struck its first note, and, punctual to the second, the minister, his friends and family appeared on the piazza. Punctual to the second also, the parrot above them yawned, scratched his ear, and remarked, "O, Erebus!" (He said it in English.) General attention was at once riveted, and he continued in a honeyed tone, "How's Elizabeth?" then burst into a clear melodious whistle, "Yum! yum! yum!" then exhorted everybody in his hearing (calling them a set of — — — — —), to go to — and be — —!"

An immense sensation was created, and the police came up and said the minister must stop the bird, and not create a public nuisance, or he'd have to come along. Finally, the minister got the bird into the wood-shed and put a lot of old carpets over him, but his hair had nearly turned gray, and after a terrible day and night he arrived at this conclusion:

PARSON BEECHER'S PARROT.

"This parrot is of great interest and value to any one interested enough to value it. If I can reach such a person I shall escape from my present difficulties. The New York *Sun* having an aggregate circulation for its various editions of upward of a million copies a week, each copy of which is doubtless read by several readers, must reach several million persons and be invaluable for any announcement requiring great publicity. I will, therefore, advertise my parrot one week in the New York *Sun*."

This natural and simple expedient for finding a purchaser relieved Parson Beecher's mind of its terrible strain, and he went to the *Sun* office early on Monday and inserted the following:

FOR SALE—A valuable parrot; speaks and whistles fluently. Owner **F** only parts with him because of ill health. Price low. Address X 999, *Sun* office.



Parson Beecher's Baby.

Parson Beecher was returning from a visit to his farm at Peekskill. It had been a very successful visit. He had got in a good crop of thistles; his poke-root crop was looking fine; his brindle cow had gained ten pounds in weight in six months at an outlay of \$130 for feed; and altogether, his farm was prospering in a way quite remarkable for it to do. Hence he was in excellent spirits.

A little over an hour would finish his journey, and when the conductor sang out, at the last stopping-place. "Ten minutes for refreshments." Beecher embraced the opportunity to compound with his appetite on terms of a cup of coffee and a sandwich, for he didn't care to spoil the good dinner which he knew Mrs. B. would have in waiting.

Just before him, as he elbowed his way back to the car he had left, his attention was drawn by a pretty woman carrying a baby, who seemed much incommoded by the jostling crowd. Now Beecher, be it remembered, was in an amiable mood. He took an interest in babies, withal, having one of his own, an infant paragon, for whose sake Beecher felt impelled to patronize babies generally.

"Allow me to assist you, madam," he said, extending his arms for the pretty woman's charge.

"Thankee, sir," she replied, handing it over at once, and tripping briskly up the steps.

Beecher followed as closely as he could; but encumbered as he was, several passengers got ahead of

PARSON BEECHER'S BABY.

him. Inside there was a general scramble of the new-comers for seats, and Beecher's attention for the time, was fully occupied in maintaining his right to his own.

The confusion over, he looked about for the pretty woman, but she was nowhere to be seen. Beecher felt nervous, for just then the whistle blew and the train began to move.

"Maybe she's gone forward to another car, finding no room here," said Beecher to himself, "expecting me to follow."

Catching at the thought, he rushed through, from car to car, scanning eagerly every face he passed, till he reached the smoking-car, and from that he would have passed into the baggage-car, but that he found it locked, and "No admittance" painted on the door. But all in vain; the pretty woman was not to be found.

A backward search proved equally fruitless, and poor Beecher, in helpless perplexity, returned to his seat, and sat him down to ponder.

Beecher was accounted a shrewd man, a reputation on which he had prided himself. He would have laughed to scorn the wiles of the most cunning sharper in a trade; knew just when to bellow with the bulls, and when to growl with the bears; when to go short in Moonshine Preferred, and when to be long in Gossamer Common. That he, the wary Parson Beecher, should have a counterfeit baby passed upon him—should have been taken in by a trick so stale—was too galling to be thought of calmly.

PARSON BEECHER'S BABY.

The baby had slept hitherto, but now it woke up. Something in Beecher's face frightened it, and it began to cry.

This added to Beecher's embarrassment, by attracting the notice of the passengers. He endeavored to quiet the little wretch; dandled it furiously; even tried to sing to it, in a low tone, as much as he could remember of Dr. Watts's "Hush, My Babe," to a tone which resembled Yankee Doodle; but this frightened the baby still more, and its screams became confluent.

In despair, Beecher hailed the prize-candy boy, invested in a package, tore it open, and thrust half the contents into the baby's mouth, at the risk of chocking it with the gold dollar which *might* have been among them. But baby was too young to like candy, and sputtered it over Beecher's doe-skins, turning up its rudimental nose in deep disgust, and roaring louder than ever.

"Hello, Beecher! what have you got there?" said Sam Twiggs, coming forward and clapping a hand on his friend's shoulder.

A gleam of hope flashed upon Beecher. Sam was a well-to-do bachelor, without relations, and would, some day, want an heir to his handsome fortune. Maybe he could be induced to adopt the little stranger. Beecher put the case strongly, but Sam failed to see it.

"At any rate, hold it for me a minute," requested Beecher, offering Sam the baby; "till I see if somebody hasn't such a thing as a bottle of paregoric, or something to put an end to this infernal din."

PARSON BEECHER'S BABY.

"No more at present; yours respectfully," said Sam, turning on his heel, and hurrying away.

"What a pity it, hadn't been born three thousand years ago, and found by Pharaoh's daughter in a bunch of bulrushes!" muttered Brown, looking down scowlingly at his vociferous hurthen.

"For my part," he growled, "I can't imagine whatever put it into the little imp's head to be born at all."

But babies can't cry always. There is a limit to even *their* lachrymal endurance, and Beecher's baby; it was his, at least, by possessory title—succumbed at last, and fell into a quiet sleep.

Beecher became more composed by degrees, and more capable of looking the situation in the face.

As he looked upon the little creature, now smiling sweetly in its slumber, his heart began to relent. It bore a striking likeness to the paragon at home; and if Polly's consent could only be obtained to adopt the little waif as a twin brother or sister as the case might be, of their own baby, wouldn't that be the easiest way of escape from the ridicule which was Beecher's greatest dread? Sam Twiggs, the only one present who knew him, might be persuaded to silence.

Big with his project, Beecher reached his home, and Polly was running forward to fling her arms about his neck, when, stopping short, "What in the name of goodness have you there?" she exclaimed.

Beecher stammered out an incoherent explanation, winding up with a statement of the plan he had been cogitating.

PARSON BEECHER'S BABY.

Polly Beecher was a woman of not more than average jealousy; but, from her husband's composed manner and singular proposal, the shadow of the green-eyed monster grimly rose before her fancy, and her wrath waxed fierce and hot.

"How dare you to insult me to my face?" she screamed, in a voice that made Beecher tremble.

"If—if you'd only look at it, Polly," Beecher pleaded, "and see how much it looks like our own darling, you'd feel kinder towards it; it was that that first softened me."

This only added fuel to the flames. To Polly it was only fresh proof of her worst suspicions.

"Take it away! Take it away!" she cried, falling back on the sofa in high hysterics. "It would blast my sight to look at it!"

"But where shall I take it to?" queried Beecher, helplessly.

"To the foundling hospital—the poor-house—anywhere away from here!"

"Polly, I assure you—"

But Polly drummed violently with her heels on the carpet, and would not listen.

Beecher dared say no more, and lugging with him his luckless charge, beat a hasty retreat.

"Oh! mum," cried the nurse, rushing in with a frightened look—"whatever shall I do? Baby's lost!"

That morning, be it explained, Mrs. Beecher had sent her baby with its aunt and a new nurse she had engaged the week before, to the aunt's home in the country, with instructions to the nurse to bring the child back in the evening.

PARSON BEECHER'S BABY.

Polly was out of her hysterics in less than it took to fall into them.

"The baby lost!" she exclaimed, starting up, her face ashy pale.

"Oh! mum," the nurse continued, "you see, I was getting on the train to come home, when a nice-looking gentleman offered to carry baby for me, and I let him. I went first, and he followed. After I got in, I remembered that I had left baby's hood in the waiting-room. I couldn't turn back for the crowd, and so went on through the car and out at the other end. I found the hood, but just then the train started, carrying away the gentleman, baby, and all, and I've just got here by the next train! Oh! whatever shall I do?"

A new light broke on Polly.

"Quick!—call a hack!" she said to the nurse.

In an instant one was at the door; and fast as the horses could go, Polly was driven to the foundling hospital.

Beecher, who had begun to feel a warm interest in the deserted baby, was in the act of giving it a parting kiss before depositing it in the basket, when he felt a hand upon his arm.

"Give me that baby!" cried Mrs. B, fairly snatching it from his hands.

"Don't—don't Polly, for Heaven's sake, hurt the little creature!" begged Beecher, not knowing to what extreme Polly's jealous rage might carry her.

"Hurt it, you dunce!" cried Polly, devouring it with kisses; "*why, it's our owu baby!*"

It was a long time before Beecher got over a cer-

PARSON BEECHER'S BABY.

tain feeling of cheapness, quite new in his experience, and still longer before his friends ceased to remember and repeat the story of Beecher's Baby.



WHAT TROUBLE WINKING CAUSED.

What Trouble Winking Caused.

From close study, or the effects of hay fever, Parson Beecher fell into the habit of winking. He became a great winker. He couldn't talk to you two minutes without enforcing his point with a drop of one of his upper eye-lids; he never took a letter out of the office without winking at one of the clerks; he winks when he sees you, and gives a sly one when he pays a bill. When he meets and greets you on the street it is always with a significant closing of the left eye, and when he has a stunning piece of news to tell you his wink is one of the greatest import. The world moved along smoothly enough with the parson until one Friday. Up to that time he had gone winking and blinking along peacefully enough, and no clouds had obscured his happiness; but a pall is hanging over Beecher now, and life has no charms for him. It's all his wife's fault he says. She had no business sending him to a millinery store. She wanted a bow to match one on her hat, and she started Beecher off to procure it. He entered the store whistling, and when one of the shop-girls approached and said "Good morning," he winked and replied "Good morning."

The girl blushed and looked nervous; Beecher displayed the bow and said:

"Got anything to match that?" and winking again.

The girl vanished to the back room with flaming cheeks, leaving Beecher to stare after her in open-

WHAT TROUBLE WINKING CAUSED.

mouthed wonder. In a minute or two the boss milliner, who had been informed of his actions, appeared. She was highly indignant, and as she slammed the door behind her she said, "Sir—"

"Good morning, madame," said Beecher. "Fine day, ain't it now," and a wink was unconsciously slung at the lady. She bridled up instantly.

"Sir, the conduct—"

"Of that girl!" interrupted Beecher. "Oh, that's all right; never mind her; little bashful, eh?"

Another tremendous wink.

"I cannot permit such conduct, sir. It is shameful and insulting."

"Not at all; not at all, says Beecher, still off the track. "Don't say another word, we understand each other."

Another portentous wink.

The milliner vanishes, slamming the back door behind her, and Beecher sinks into a seat ejaculating: "Well, I'll be doggoned!" But he bounded up quick when a gentleman entered, and, calling him "an old hippopotamus," proceeded to divest himself of his coat, and squaring off at Beecher, cried out: "Now, then, come on!"

"Why, why, bless me, what does this mean?" said Beecher.

"Oh, yes, you're a nice one, you are. What kind of a place do you take this for, coming around and insulting women and girls with your winks. Come on!" and he danced around Beecher. He got one in on Beecher over the eye; his left duke felt of Beecher's mug, and when he got through with

MR. BEECHER AND THE STEREOPTICON.

Beecher that individual was so badly demoralized as a pig in a whirlwind, and he never found out what it was about until the milliner's husband, who had ascertained his habit, called on Sunday and apologised. Beecher shook hands, and it was all right, and was just about to wink again when he checked himself and said:

"Blame it, I'll swear off from that habit!" and then he turned and winked at the wall to enforce his oath.

Mr. Beecher and the Stereopticon.

WHY THE PICTURES FAILED TO GIVE SATISFACTION.

An individual whom we will call Twiggs was engaged a few nights ago to give a magic lantern exhibition to the children of Mr. Beecher's Sunday-schools. The exhibition did not give much satisfaction to the older people in the audience, because of the somewhat peculiar character of the subjects in Twiggs' collection. And so, when the show was over, two or three of the deacons took Twiggs into the back room to settle with him, and Mr. Beecher said:

"Mr. Twiggs, considered from a scientific point of view, your magic lantern show was, perhaps, a success, but don't it strike you that the class of pictures exhibited by you is just a little bit inappropriate for Sunday-school purposes?"

"I dunno," said Twiggs. "I picked 'em out carefully to suit the children."

"Well, now," said Mr. Beecher, "there was that

MR. BEECHER AND THE STEREOPTICON.

picture of the execution of Dick Turpin; that seemed to me to be not a very felicitous selection for such an occasion. Historically accurate, probably, but not calculated to elevate the minds of the young. But even that was preferable to the illustration of the hydrocephalous baby preserved in a jar of alcohol, which you said was a picture of one in the museum of a German hospital. What on earth made you think that a swell-headed baby in a bottle would interest Sunday-school children?"

"I dunno," said Twiggs. "Maybe it might make 'em thankful that their heads were not swelled."

"And then some of the folks took exception to that view of San Francisco that you showed. They say that it didn't give the children any fair idea of the appearance of that city, because there was nothing in the view but two ruffians in the foreground taking a drink, while a buccaneer in the rear was blowing the head off a Chinaman with a shotgun. I think myself that this hardly conveyed an accurate notion of the general aspect of the place, and anyhow it familiarizes the children with vice. And Dr. Blank said that what made the matter worse was, that as the view of San Francisco faded off you ran in a picture of Dr. Malone before and after using his Liver Pills. They say that there is nothing taught in the Sunday-school about San Francisco and liver pills, and they do not care to have those subjects introduced as a part of the education of the children."

"Is that so?" said Twiggs. "Now, do you know, I thought that pill picture was one of the most eloquent and instructive in the series. It was painted

MR. BEECHER AND THE STEREOPTICON.

from life. It represented truth. You want the children to learn about truth, don't you?"

"For myself, the most absurd picture in the collection was the picture of the Great American Pie Biter winning a bet by biting through eighteen pies at one time."

"Why, my goodness, I thought it would interest the little folks," said Twiggs.

"Perhaps it did, but it inspires them with a hurtful ambition. We do not desire to develop the children of our school into pie-eaters; we have better purposes in view for them; nor do we care to familiarize them with improper pastimes of any kind; and it was this that induced Deacon Grimes to hiss when you slid on that Scene in a Faro Bank, and to leave the room in indignation when you followed it with a painting of Tony, the Learned Pig, playing euchre with a professional gambler. Now don't it really seem to you that these are hardly the kind of things for a Sunday-school exhibition?"

"Well, people's tastes differ. Some like 'em, and some don't," said Twiggs.

"And while we are upon this subject Mr. Twiggs, let me recommend that hereafter upon such occasions you omit the representation of the ballet scene from *Don Giovanni*, with Fanny Ellsler in pink tights standing on one toe and pointing her other leg out toward the planetary system. Dr. Blank said to me that he considered this scandalous, and I know that several people got up and took their children home without waiting to see your picture of the prize fight between Sayers and Heenan, or to look at that abom-

MR. BEECHER AND THE STEREOPTICON.

inable view of a group of cannibals broiling a missionary over a bon-fire. I tell you such things make people round here mad. They are not solemn enough. What we wanted were pictures that would



“What we wanted were pictures that would elevate the mind.”

elevate the mind and purify the heart. You can see for yourself that these don’t do that—now do they?”

“I dunno ; they might have that effect on some people.”

“The fact of the matter is, Mr. Twiggs, that the whole collection is wanting in taste ; the view of Lucretia Borgia poisoning her husband with arsenicated bologna sausage ; the painting of a grizzly bear chasing a man into a tree ; the representation of Mr. Toodles in a condition of intoxication shaking hands with a pump ; the view of the defendant

MR. BEECHER AND THE STEREOPTICON.

and plaintiff in the Johnson divorce case, with Mrs. Johnson throwing an andiron at Mr. Johnson—these are open to criticism. And while we pay you your money according to contract, we express the conviction that we shall not need your services again, and that if you could open up a new career of usefulness for yourself in some other line of business you might achieve more for the civilization of the race."

Then Twiggs packed up and took a horse-car for home.



Twiggs takes a horse car for home.

Parson Beecher's Bull.

A certain farm in Peekskill is noted for its fine cattle, no less than for its famous non-heading cabbages, beautiful green celery, and oyster plants which have not yet borne a single oyster despite the greatest outlay of care and money upon their cultivation for many years.

Parson Beecher's great-grandfather's uncle's cousin's brother-in-law in his younger days had commanded a company of State troops, which had done service during the last war with Great Britain, and though he had failed, in the technical application of the term, "to smell gunpowder," yet he had received the infusion of warlike spirit, and earned the title of "captain," which, on the principle of "once a captain, always a captain," stuck to him, and mingled with the more peaceful cognomen of "parson."

Thus it will be seen Parson Beecher came of a military race, and inherited a warlike spirit he could never entirely conquer, even though he had been frequently rebuked by his good wife for showing so much of the church militant in his daily bearing, and could find no greater delight, when he could obtain an audience, than in recalling anecdotes of the days of his ancestor's captaincy, and telling bloodless tales of "when my ancestor was out in '13 and '14."

Among the parson's fine stock was a bull—a splendid animal—which for strength, size, and beauty, excited the envy and admiration of the whole coun-

PARSON BEECHER'S BULL.

try. So much was the parson's bull praised, that very soon its owner began to believe he possessed the most wonderful animal that had ever existed, and to boast accordingly. From morning till night, nothing could be heard in the neighborhood of Peekskill but praises of the parson's bull, and estimations of his value. At last to such a pitch did this estimation reach, that the parson, not content with



Parson Beecher and the Bull.

bearing the palm from every cattle-raiser in the county, sought, like Alexander, fresh worlds to conquer, and offered his bull to the competition of the entire country.

To do this properly, the parson issued a handbill, setting forth, in glowing terms, the qualities of his bull, its size, age, weight, and color, leading off with a challenge to anybody possessing an animal of like

PARSON BEECHER'S BULL.

size and age, to bring it forward and vanquish the parson's bull in a fair fight, for one hundred dollars. Here it was that the old warlike spirit peeped forth, and the parson, instead of offering to match his bull ~~for any of those qualities that go toward making good beef~~, proffered the challenge for its fighting quality.

These handbills were scattered far and wide, and,



A home run.

by the aid of a peripatetic peddler, one of them found its way into the hands of a noted breeder of stock in the western part of the State, who determined to accept the challenge on behalf of a fine young animal of his own, and make an attempt to fob the parson's hundred dollars. Accordingly he started with his bull for the parson's, but by some delay he did not reach his destination until late on Saturday

afternoon, when, upon stating his errand, he was warmly welcomed by the parson, and honest praise bestowed upon the splendid animal he had brought with him. It was too late that evening for the trial, and the bull was accordingly turned into the rich pasture to recruit after the journey, and his owner made free of the parson's home.

The next day being the Sabbath, the family all



A valorous stand.

set forth to the local church, the parson telegraphing to his own Brooklyn congregation that "circumstances over which he had no control" would prevent his officiating in his own pulpit. He also surrendered his own place in the family pew in the Peekskill church to the stranger, and stayed at home under the plea of not feeling very well. After they were all gone, the parson, tried to dismiss the

thought of the two bulls, and of the coming fight on the morrow, got down the family Bible and read a chapter; but still the bulls would mix themselves with the text, and wander away with his thoughts.

At last the parson could stand it no longer, and putting on his hat, he went out to take just one look at the fierce monster that was on the morrow to carry away the laurels from his bull, and the hundred dollars, or leave him the happy victor. There he stood in the center of the field, coal black, and shaking his fierce shaggy head in defiance. The parson gazed in admiration, and the thought crept into his brain that to-morrow was a long time to wait, and that, as there was nobody to see, and no one to tell tales, he might just as well give the bulls one little turn at each other, that he might be better able to judge, and that if the contest waxed too warm, he could drive off his own animal without trouble. No sooner thought than done, and the parson stealthily let down the bars that led into the other field, and proceeded to drive in his bull, but the strange bull in an instant saw the entrance open, and without any delay rushed through, and, in quicker time than it takes to relate, tackled the parson's bull. The fight was terrible, and the parson was very much delighted.

For a while he forgot his Sabbath-breaking in the keen enjoyment of the fight, and the belief that his bull would be the victor, but at length the stranger began to have the best of it, and the parson fearing the utter defeat of his favorite, took a hand in the fight himself. He drew his mammoth umbrella,

rushed at the black bull, punching and pushing him in the rear, and striving to drive him back to his pasture. This attack, instead of attaining its object, only increased the animal's rage, until with one fierce lunge he laid his antagonist on the ground, pierced him through the chest with one thrust of his sharp horns, and laid him dead in an instant.



A sudden exit from the field.

No sooner had he finished his work in front, than, like a good soldier, he made for the enemy in the rear. The parson started for the opening in the fence, with the bellowing monster at his heels.

The parson felt that his wind was giving out, and his terrified imagination almost made him feel the monster's horns already pricking his back. The warlike spirit he had inherited from his noble line of ancestry suggested his turning and valiantly

PARSON BEECHER'S BULL.

meeting the foe. He turned, and with umbrella extended, awaited the onset. The bull was but a few paces in the rear. In a moment this space was cleared, and the brute, with a bellow of rage, was upon the umbrella.

Discretion seemed to the warlike parson to be the better part of valor. Before the bull could disentangled himself from the debris of the umbrella, the parson's heels disappeared through the gap in the fence. But after a momentary delay the bull followed after, his rage aggravated yet more.

Away they went, parson and bull, right toward the house, the first puffing and blowing under his fearful speed, the latter pawing and bellowing in a manner to strike terror into firmer hearts than that of the parson's. It was a terrible race, but the parson won it by a few yards, just slamming the door of the house in the face of the bull, and rushing to the kitchen for safety. In a moment he heard with terror the blow of the monster's head upon the door. The parlor stood open, and upon the wall opposite was a large mirror, the pride of the parson's wife, and the choice piece of their household goods. The bull did not waist any time, but seeing his image in the glass, pitched into it, shivering the glass into ten thousand fragments, and brought up in utter astonishment at the sudden disappearance of his foe. For a moment he stood bellowing and pawing and looking in vain for some enemy to pitch into, the parson having become scarce.

By this time the parson had begun to recover his wind and his presence of mind, and to think of a

PARSON BEECHER'S BULL.

loaded gun hanging over the mantel in the kitchen. Rendered desperate, he clutched the weapon and rushed to the door of the parlor. The bull spied him instantly, and made a rush, which was his last, for almost running the muzzle of his gun into his head the parson fired, and a dead bull blocked up the hall, deluging the floor with its blood, just as the family presented themselves at the door on their return from church.

The consternation of all can be imagined; and the parson could do nothing but to make a clean breast and confess his Sabbath-breaking, pay the stranger for his bull, hand over the hundred dollars, make beef of the carcasses, and good resolutions about bull-fighting for the future.



Parson Beecher's Refrigerator.

There is a little unpleasantness in the Beecher family, caused by a recent purchase.

A neighboring family, who were about to leave the city, decided to sell off their things at auction and Mrs. Beecher, having heard of the merits of their new refrigerator, concluded to become the possessor of that article.

She had heard, too, how some of these women carry on at auctions, and couldn't think of doing the bidding herself, so she gave Beecher his instructions, and commisioned him to make the purchase. Beecher had never been to an auction himself, and didn't take kindly to the proposition at first.

"Oh, all you've got to do is to go down and bid on it, and get it. A baby can do that," she remarked, very sarcastically.

"All right—all right; I'll go," he replied—"anything to keep peace in a family. What am I to give for it?"

"It's worth forty dollars, but you'll get it for a song."

He departed.

Upon arriving at the house he found them selling carpets in the third story. The refrigerator was in the cellar, and they would have to sell as they went down. It was hard, but he stood it like a man. Have that refrigerator he must.

He looked on in silence as they sold the articles in each room, but bid on nothing. The men shoved him around, the women looked daggers; all the dus-

PARSON BEECHER'S REFRIGERATOR.

ty carpets and other rubbish were deposited in his vicinity, and he was looked upon, it seemed, by all as a fraud. He took it all, stood the crowding, was always on the outside, and finally the cellar was reached. He was back in one corner of the cellar, jammed in between two barrels, when the auctioneer cried:

“How much for this refrigerator?”

That was the magic word. It was impossible to see it from where he was, but as a squeaking female voice said “two dollars,” he yelled:

“Ten!”

The crowd looked curiously in his direction, and now the squeak resounded again with “Eleven.”

“Fifteen!” he replied, and all became interested.

The female bidder had been helped on to a chair, and she screamed “Sixteen!” right at him.

Beecher didn’t see what made the crowd laugh, and didn’t care; he drew his red silk handkerchief across his face, and yelled back:

“Twenty!”

“Twenty-two!”

“Thirty!”

“Thirty-one!” and she flourished her parasol around her head.

“Forty! And I’ll have it if it cost a thousand dollars!” yelled Beecher, thoroughly aroused, and the perspiration streaming down his face.

This discouraged the female, and after “dwelling” a short time it was knocked down to him at forty dollars.

His wife had said it was worth that, and he was glad to be done at any price. He settled with the cashier, and as he was passing out heard the auctioneer cry out something about another "first-class refrigerator." He had not heard of but the one, and did not want another, so he left and went down-town.

Upon reaching home in the evening, he noticed a decided cloud on Mrs. B's horizon, and upon asking how she liked the refrigerator, she promptly replied:

"Beecher, you're a fool!"

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Matter? why, any man who will go and give forty dollars for a woodbox—"

"Woodbox?" and he looked thunderstruck—"who bought any woodbox?"

"Who? why you!" and leading him out into the yard she showed him a square wooden box, lined with zinc, which had probably been used as a refrigerator some time in the last century, and which had been sent up with his receipted bill.

And now he sleeps with an up-town friend, and spends his time in using strong language about auctions.



HENRY WARD BEECHER'S
Delicious Ways of Serving Bread and Water.



BREAD AND WATER PLAIN.—Cut the bread into slices in a slanting direction, so that one edge of the slice shall look thick and the other edge be as thin as possible. Arrange on a plate with the thick edges outward, that is, toward the eaters, so they will think they are getting a “big thing.” Pass it around, with three pints of water to each person.

BREAD AND MILK.—Crumble up the bread into as much “milk from the pump” as suits your taste.

DELICIOUS PUDDING.—Break up a loaf of bread into some water. Add sugar, spice, and dried fruit. Bake till done. If you haven’t any fruit, spice, or sugar, leave them out.

BEECHER'S BREAD AND WATER JOKES.

CAKE.—Swallow half a loaf of bread, and immediately drink three quarts of ice water. In three minutes you will have a first-class Stomach Cake.

BREAD-AND-WATER ICE CREAM.—Reduce seven and a half bread crusts to powder. Mix carefully with three pints of water; put into a silver-bottomed ice-cream freezer, and wait till next December for it to freeze.

FLOATING ISLAND.—Put a quart of water into a shallow bowl. Take a crust of bread and carefully set it floating in the water. Add a little chopped grass and a couple of flies.

SAMDWICH.—Dip a slice of bread into water. Pass it through a clothes-wringer to expel superfluous moisture; then place between two pine chips. This is not only very nourishing (according to Mr. Beecher's theory), but affords excellent exercise for the jaws.

BREAD-AND-WATER SOUP.—Take three slices of bread and boil for three minutes in cold water. Carefully remove the bread with a pitchfork, and serve up the soup.

STRAWBERRY SHORT CAKE.—Roll up bits of bread into shape of strawberries, and dip into red ink. Place these carefully between slices of bread. Pour over the whole a plentiful supply of milk—from the pump.

BREAD-AND-WATER BROTH (mild diet for sick folks).—Tie a shoe-string to a crust of bread and carefully draw it through a bowl of water. Then

BEECHER'S BREAD AND WATER JOKES.

boil the water until it assumes the consistency of broth.

DELICIOUS TEMPERANCE BEVERAGE.—Strain through an old straw hat one pint of cold pump water. Add gradually, stirring constantly, three pints of Croton water, flavor with a spoonful of East River water, and add water enough to reduce the strength to suit your taste.

LOBSTER SALAD.—Crush a lobster shell carefully with a cobble stone. Mix the chopped shell with an equal quantity of stale bread. Add a handful of grass chopped fine and three or four potato parings. Add water and mix. Garnish the dish with egg shells and walrus teeth.



BEECHER'S BREAD AND WATER JOKES.

Mr. Beecher's Bees.

Mr. Beecher had one of the finest hives of bees in town. When he first got his swarm, his old cat's curiosity was much excited in regard to the doings of the little insects, the like of which she had never before seen.

At first she watched their comings and goings at a distance. She then flattened herself upon the



Bread and Water Diet.

ADMIRER OF MR. BEECHER.—“*Bring me half a loaf of bread and a glass of water!*”

ground and crept along toward the hive, with tail horizontal and quivering. It was clearly evident that she thought the bees some new kind of game.

Finally she took up a position at the entrance to

BEECHER'S BREAD AND WATER JOKES.

the hive, and, when a bee came in or started out, made a dab at it with her paws. This went on for a time without attracting the special attention of the inhabitants of the hive.

Presently, however, Tabby struck and crushed a bee on the edge of the opening leading to the hive.



RESTAURANTER.—“We have to charge for the extras, you know, sir, when a customer only gets bread and water. Bread and water, 5 cents; pouring out the water, 10 cents; use of glass 5 cents; cutting bread, 5 cents; use of peg to hang hat on, 5 cents; wear of napkin 6 cents; and 5 cents for the smell you got of the other vittles!”

The smell of the crushed bee alarmed and enraged the whole swarm. Bees by the score poured forth and darted into the fur of the astonished cat. Tabby rolled herself in the grass, spitting, sputtering,

BEECHER'S BREAD AND WATER JOKES.

biting, clawing, and squalling as cat never squalled before. She appeared a mere ball of fur and bees as she rolled and tumbled about.

She was at length hauled away from the hive with a garden rake, at the cost of several severe stings to her rescuer. Even after she had been taken to a distant part of the grounds the bees stuck to Tabby's



"Bread and water may be very nice but this is nicer."

fur, and about once in two minutes she would utter an unearthly "yowl," and bounce a full yard in the air. On coming down she would try to scratch an ear, when a sting on the rump would cause her to turn a succession of back summersaults, and give vent to a running fire of squalls. Like the parrot that was left alone with the monkey, old Tabby had a dreadful time.

Two or three days after this adventure Tabby was caught by her owner, who took her by the neck and threw her down near the beehive. No sooner did she strike the ground than she gave a fearful squall,

BEECHER'S BREAD AND WATER JOKES.

and at a single bound reached the top of a fence full six feet in height. There she clung for a moment, with tail as big as a rolling pin, when with another bound and squall she was out of sight, and did not again put in an appearance for over a week.

Something in Mr. Beecher's Bed.

Mr. Beecher has a habit of slipping his watch under his pillow when he goes to bed. The other night somehow it slipped down, and as the parson was



WORKING MAN (out of a job).—“Well, daughter, what have you there?”

“Oh, a kind man gave me a set of Mr. Beecher's sermons on how to live on a dollar a day. They will be so handy, you know, when you get a job, and are able to earn a dollar a day.”

restless, it gradually worked its way downward toward the foot of the bed. After a bit, while he was

BEECHER'S BREAD AND WATER JOKES.

lying awake, his foot touched it, and as it felt very cold, he was surprised and scared, and jumping from his bed, he called to his wife :

“ By gracious Maria, there’s a toad or a snake or something under the cover. I touched it with my foot.”

Mrs. B. gave a loud scream, and was out on the floor in an instant.

“ Now, don’t go to hollering and waking up the neighbors,” said the Parson. “ You go and get the broom or something, and we’ll fix this thing mighty quick,”

Mrs. B. got the broom and gave it to the parson with the remark that she felt as if snakes were creeping all up and down her legs and back.

“ Oh, nonsense, Maria ! Now turn down the covers slowly, while I hold the broom and bang it. Put a bucket of water alongside the bed, too, so’s we can shove it in and drown it.”

Mrs. B. fixed the bucket and gently removed the covers. The parson held the broom uplifted, and as soon as the black ribbon of the watch was revealed, he cracked away three or four times with the broom ; then he pushed the thing off into the bucket. Then they took the bucket to the light to investigate the matter. When the parson saw what it was he said :

“ I might have known that ! Just like you women to go screeching and making a fuss about nothing ! Who’s going to pay me for that watch ? It’s utterly ruined.”

“ It was you who made the fuss, not me,” said

BEECHER'S BREAD AND WATER JOKES.

Mrs. B. "You needn't try to put the blame off on me."

"Oh, hush up and go to bed. I'm tired of hearing your blather. 'Pears to me you can't keep your tongue still a minute."

And the Parson turned in and growled at Maria until he fell asleep.

How to live on \$1.00 a day—Bread and water.

How to live on \$0.01 a day—Leave out the bread.

MR. BEECHER says no man is fit to live who can't live on bread and water. As for himself, he thinks "Give me roast beef and water-melon, or give me death!"

BREAD AND WATER threatens to become so popular a diet, that to avoid an undue rise in those commodities, Mr. Beecher will doubtless considerably agree not to consume any in his family, but to use pound cake and spruce beer for his table, and sand-paper himself every Saturday in lieu of his usual bath.

BROOKLYN church people, it is suggested, will hereafter limit their provender to bread and water when making donation visits to their pastors.

Too THIN.—Bread and water as a diet.

The Colleen Bawn in Nevada.

Could Dion Boucicault have witnessed the scenes on a recent evening in *The Colleen Bawn*, at the National Guard Hall, Virginia City, he would have undoubtedly gone off and drowned his sorrows in deep potations of Irish whiskey, and been brought up in the Police Court next morning for being drunk and disorderly. Accidents will happen even in the best regulated of theatrical companies, and the little incident in the second act last night was an illustration of that maxim. The cave scene in the play mentioned is considered one of the most effective ever produced on the stage. In fact, so striking was it considered by Boucicault, that he wrote that scene up first, and built the play around it.

In setting the scene last night, the stage artist, following the usual method, first painted a gloomy cave, looking out into a lake. About eight feet from this he planted a good-sized candle-box alongside the trap door. In front of the candle-box a big rock was placed—that is, a flat piece of canvas, stretched on a frame, painted like a rock and set up on the side. This hid the candle-box from the audience. In front of the rock was another stretch of canvas, painted like water, which rendered the illusion complete.

THE COLLEEN BAWN IN NEVADA.

Myles-na-Coppaleen comes on in the second act, and wants to get at a whiskey flask he has hidden in the rocks. Nothing easier; he has fixed a rope in such a way that he can swing across the water. Myles grabs the rope, which is fastened above to a support stretched from wing to wing.

Last night Mr. Ward was playing the character of Myles. The moment he swung clear and threw his weight on the rope, one of the drops became liberated, and down came an avalanche of Alpine scenery —mountains, Swiss cottage, etc. This surprising “scenic effect” jerked Myles-na-Coppaleen from Ireland into Switzerland in less than two seconds. Rapid transit with a vengeance! But the drop was soon rolled up, and Myles was back on his native bog once more. Next come Danny Mann and Eily O’Connor in a boat, sailing along the lake (on wheels, you know.) Eily gets up on the rock (the candle-box), and Danny begins to blarney her for the letter in her bosom. Here was where the fun came in.

Danny grabbed Eily by the throat and threw her down into the water behind the rock. Just then the rock fell flat and revealed Eily trying to squirm down through the trap door and Danny jumping around on a box marked “superfine candles, thirty-six dozen, warranted pure.”

While Eily was trying to get down into the trap she grabbed the rock and got it up on end and disappeared; but no sooner was this accomplished than down went the whole water front, and Danny Mann, poor fellow, had no water to swim off in after Myles appeared and popped him over with a gun. When Eily O’Connor came up the trap and looked around, her surprise at finding no water to float in can be

STUART ROBSON'S FIRST APPEARANCE.

imagined, and Myles-na-Coppaleen was thus enabled to rescue his sweetheart without getting his boots wet. Here the curtain went down amid a round of applause, the good acting of the three performers under the trying circumstances, having redeemed the scene.

Stuart Robson's First Appearance.

"Mose" had just appeared, and had a great sensation. John Owens, manager of the Baltimore Museum, brought it out there. A number of boys were required in the piece to personate newsboys, &c., and to dance little breakdowns. Robson applied for a situation, and was accepted. Fortunately for him, he was not wanted until late in the play, so he went through the ceremony of undressing and going to bed at eight o'clock, and as soon as his brother was asleep he hurried on his clothes, slipped out of the house and was off to the theater, arriving just in time for his scene, his good mother the while supposing him sweetly reposing in his bed.

One eventful night his elder brother was permitted to go out, but where he was going was not confided to the younger child, who, as soon as the coast was clear, shot out of the house. He came on for his scene with a swagger, and had but just taken the first step in his little breakdown, when, to his horror and dismay, he caught sight of his brother in the very first row in the pit. His brother rose, and the comedian did not stop for the order of his going, but turned and fled as if for life. He reached home first and had but just bounded into bed, clothes and all, and drawn the covers over him, when the door opened and his mother came into the room, switch

in hand, followed by the elder brother, who, seeing Stuart apparently in a deep sleep, thought nothing short of magic could have brought him there in such double quick time.

“There!” said the irate mother, “there he is, quietly asleep! Didn’t I tell you so? I saw the boy go to bed myself. How could he get out of the house and I not know it? What do you mean by trumping up such tales to frighten me out of my scenses? My son Stuart dancing a jig on a stage! The idea of such a thing! I’ll teach you to tell stories on your poor innocent little brother—I’ll teach you!” and she did, if there and then a good dusting of his jacket could induct a boy into the science of fabrication.—*Celia Logan, in N. Y. Dispatch.*

A Shakspearian Bill of Fare.

At a recent Shakspearian celebration the following bill of fare was used. It is certainly a curiosity in its way, and affords a good illustration of the fact that Shakspeare had a text for everything:

“Ladies, a general welcome.”—*Henry VIII.*, i., 4.

“Pray you bid those unknown friends to us welcome, for it is a way to make us better friends, more known.”—*Winter’s Tale*, iv., 3.

ROAST TURKEYS.

“Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.”—*Henry V.*, v., 1.

PEA FOWL.

“A very, very peacock.”—*Hamlet*, iii., 2.

ROAST FOWLS.

“There is a fowl without a feather.”—*Comedy of Errors*, iii., 1.

CAPONS.

“Items, a capon, 2s. 2d.”—*First Henry IV.*, ii., 4.

DUCKS.

“Oh, dainty ducks.”—*A Midsummer Night’s Dream*, v., 6.

BOAR’S HEAD.

“Like a full-acorned boar.”—*Cymbeline*, ii., 5.

YORK HAMS.

“Sweet stem from York’s great stock.”—*First Henry VI.*, ii., 5.

TONGUES.

“Silence is only commendable in a neat’s tongue dried.”—*Merchant of Venice*, i., 1.

FRENCH RAISED PIES.

“They are both baked in that pie.”—*Titus Andronicus*, v., 3.

MAYONNAISE OF SALMON.

“Epicurean cooks sharpen with cloyess sauce his appetite.”—*Antony and Cleopatra*, ii., 2.

MAYONNAISE OF LAMB.

“Was never gentle lamb more mild.”—*Richard III.*, ii., 1.

BRAISED LAMB AND BEEF.

“What say you to a piece of beef and mustard, a dish that I do love to feed upon?”—*Taming the Shrew*, v., 2.

ROAST LAMB.

“Come you to seek the lamb here?”—*Measure for Measure*, v., 1.

GALANTINES OF TURKEYS AND FOWLS.

“The Turkish preparation.”—*Othello*, i., 3.

LOBSTERS AND MAYONNAISE OF SALADS.

“Salad was born to do me good.”—*Second Henry IV.*, iv., 10.

DRESSED LOBSTEBS AND CRABS.

“There’s no meat like them; I could wish my best friend at such a feast.”—*Timon of Athens*, iv., 3.

POTTED MEATS.

“Mince it sans remorse.”—*Timon of Athens*, iv., 2.

POTTED LAMPERNS AND LAMPREYS.

“From the banks of Wye and Sandy-bottomed Severn.”—*First Henry IV.*, iii., 4.

ASPICS OF EELS, SOLES AND SALMON.

“Cry to it, as the Cockney did to the eels, when she put them in the paste alive.”—*Lear*, ii., 4.

DESSERT CAKES, JELLIES AND CREAMS.

“The queen of curds and cream.”—*Winter’s Tale*, iv., 3.

TOURTIES, MERINGUES AND CHARLOTTE DE RUSSE.

“They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.”—*Romeo and Juliet*, iv., 4.

BEEHIVES.

“For so work the honey bees.”—*Henry V.*, iv., 2

FRUIT.

“Hercules did choke down mellow fruit.”—*Coriolanus*, iv., 6.

PATRONS OF THE DRAMA.

DINNER ROLLS.

“The roll! where’s the roll!”—*Second Henry IV.*, iii., 2.

DRESSED POTATOES.

“Let the sky rain potatoes.”—*Merry Wives*, v., 5.

BITTER ALE.

“And here’s a pot of good double beer, neighbor; drink, and fear not your man.”—*Second Henry IV.*, ii., 3.

CHAMPAGNE, HOCK, CLARET AND SHERRY.

“He calls for wine: ‘a health,’ quoth he.”—*Taming the Shrew*, iii., 2.

“PATRONS” OF THE DRAMA.—When the houses were bad in the early days of the English drama, it was customary for the management to request the presence of some well-known person, for the purpose of drawing the public—royalty, if possible to procure them, or failing them, why then anybody noted for anything.

Mrs. Mapp was a celebrated “bone-setter” at Epsom, with a large London practice. Her presence was “billed” at the Lincoln’s Inn Fields Theater, on the 16th of October 1736, along with that of Taylor, the oculist, and Ward, the “worm doctor.” Our modern audiences would not be caught by such baits, not even by two Russian grand dukes, flanked by the patentee of blue glass, Mr. Helmbold and his bucku, and Mr. Swayne with his sarsaparilla.

Once the Irish actor, Bowen, hit upon the bright idea of inveigling four live Indians into a box on his benefit night. He announced them as American

COLLEY CIBBER.

kings. They were so placed in the house that the gallery could not see them, and a frightful uproar ensued, to quiet which they were marched down to the stage, and there remained seated during all the changing scenes in *Macbeth*, the play of the evening.

A GAME OF CHESS.—Last winter an entertainment was given abroad—at a ball, I believe—and was thought quite an original idea. A game of chess was played by persons dressed to represent the different pieces. At the *Globe*, in 1624, a man named Middleton, produced his play of *A Game of Chess*. *Barbage*, *Hemings* and others of note at that time played the pieces.

WE do not wish to disparage Mr. Shakspeare, but it must be confessed that he did not understand the value of a good melo-dramatic title for a play, and the enterprising rural manager doubtless made a judicious concession to the modern ideas of his audience when he brought out *Macbeth*, not with that tame name, but with a title taken from the last speech of the play, “*The Dead Butcher and the Fiend-like Queen.*” Shakspeare would have called it so had he lived in our day.

COLLEY CIBBER began his professional career as a “*supe*,” and received no salary. Being given a few lines he received one of Betterton’s great points. In his rage he complained afterward to the stage manager, demanding to know the fellow’s name and pay that he might forfeit him. On being told that he received nothing for his services, Betterton said:

EDWIN BOOTH'S AMATEUR CIRCUS.

“Very well, then, give him ten shillings a week and forfeit him five.” Thus, owing to a blunder, Cibber put his foot on the first round of the ladder of fame.

Edwin Booth's Amateur Circus.

Booth's ambition, expressed as soon as he was able to prattle, was to be a “clown in a circus,” Robson's to be a tragedian, and Clark's—called by the boys “Sleepy”—was to be anything to “give a fellar lots of fun.”

As the lads grew, Edwin, the eldest, led them into the usual boyish pranks, and some that were not usual, for he determined to start a circus of his own—that was the dream of management then. Robson went in with him heart and soul, and their ambition fired the emulation and the soul of all the other boys.

Mrs. Robson had a large cellar; in it a ring was formed, and the requisite sawdust furnished by a friendly wood-yard. Booth cabbaged a few faded dresses from the wardrobe of his father. The first step being taken, the stock rapidly rose to two cents a share, and was quickly bought up by every public-spirited boy in the neighborhood. Still capital was wanting. How—oh, how to make a raise was the question eagerly debated by the young joint stock company. At last “Sleepy” had a bright idea—Stuart must “hook” his mother's stove; it was large, not in use, would never be missed, and Robson *must* effect the abstraction.

Little Stuart hesitated, not so much because of the *morale* as for the reason that his mother, when duty called, handled a switch with skill and dexterity; but,

appealed to in the sacred name of Art, he could no longer resist, and the stove was purloined. It proved no hollow mockery, for it realized, when sold as old iron, the handsome sum of one dollar and fifty cents. Little Robson, with whole-souled magnanimity, turned the entire proceeds into the treasury, amid the applause of every squeaky urchin in the ward.

Excitement was at its hight. They had now the cellar, the ring, sawdust, clothes and money to "open the house," but the first essential of a circus was missing—a horse. What's a circus without horse-flesh? One at least must be bought—but how, and where?

"I know," said Robson, whose iron exploit had made him a hero and a leader, "I know where I can snake one cheap. Follow me!"

"Where?" asked the young actors in concert.

"To the boneyard! ha! ha! to the boneyard!"

Attached to the boneyard was an auction mart, where old worn out horses were sold for anything they would bring; if they were too worthless to be saleable, they were turned over to the executioner, killed and converted into glue and bone dust. One dollar and seventy cents made the troupe the proud possessors of an old scarecrow of a horse, which was led or dragged by a rope in the hands of Booth, and helped along by the cuffs and shouts of the boys. The poor old beast in the fulness of time was anchored at the cellar window of the circus. The only street entrance to the cellar was this same window, and the horse had to be yanked through somehow; it was only about two feet wide, but the company, by uniting their bone and sinew, managed to squeeze him in.

After this feat it did not take long to inaugurate the show. Edwin Booth was proprietor and manager; Sleepy Clark, stage manager and general business; G. L. Stout, recently at the Eagle Theater, prompter and leading man; Stuart Robson, general utility.

Admission to boys one cent; to Irishwomen, three cents, because they were usually fat and took up the room of two boys. Indeed they would not have been permitted to enter even at that exorbitant rate but that they were mothers of some of the audience and threatened to "larrup" such of the spectators as belonged to them in case they were not allowed to see for themselves what "thim bys was up to in that there cellar."

An organ-grinder was engaged to play lively airs at eight cents an hour, the riding-master, Clarke, cracked his whip, Booth in a clown's queer old rags did the funny business, and the greatest living bare-back rider, Stuart Robson, mounted his fiery, untamed steed, and beat and begged him to "go round the ring once—just once," but he wouldn't or couldn't; his old head hung between his knees, and he wouldn't budge. The entire audience as well as the actors were in despair, and wanted to ride the broken-down brute, singly or in a body. Suddenly the organ-grinder started a tune, and Rosinante pricked up his ears, something in the air may have reminded him of his early days, or he may in more prosperous times have been a real circus horse—that question will never be solved—but certain it is that the poor old horse shambled around the ring as long as the organ kept going, to the delighted shouts of the boys, and never stopped until the instrument did.

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